

THE ORIGINAL

Moonbeams

BY COLONEL LITTLE

The Smallest Newspaper in the West

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Chinese New Year (of the Dog) is ripe IN THE VALLEY OF THE MOON

So, if this issue isn't up to our usual high standard, it can't be helped. The missus is in Valley hospital (serious eye operation) and your editor is also now housekeeper, dog caretaker, and such—tho it must be admitted the housekeeping is sketchily done. But it won't be forever.

When a teenager helps with housework, it means she's visiting a friend. **VALLEY JEWELERS**, Boyes. Guaranteed repairs. Gifts.

It's hardly possible to be off on weather predictions any more than the weather bureau, and we're tired of writing about continuous rains. So, let's predict: Two more rains in February, three in March, one or two in April, and that's all. But weren't those 12 days awful?

TONY HYDAR, Boyer barber, on the highway. Celebrating 10th anniversary. And a sincere thank you to all for your splendid support. High quality workmanship, always.

The rather beautiful wild mustard is coming out in all its glory in all the vineyards, the acacias are glorious, and from all indications there'll be a bumper crop of camellias this year. Last year the frost got a lot of camellia buds. See quite a few narcissus out, ranunculus too.

LIONS CLUB BACK ON SCHEDULE. Meets Tuesday at Palms Inn. Getting ready for speakers' contest. Better come out.

Ike's proposal that we spend about \$2 billion for postoffice building and equipment and remodeling and such seems like a good idea. The Boyes office is in leased quarters, and they're pretty good. But a new building would be better. And while they're at it, why wouldn't this be the perfect time to get some rural mail delivery out of the Boyes office, so that people who actually live in its natural dis-

trict can use Boyes Springs as their address, and drop the phony Sonoma mail address. Just heard of an east bay town with the same problem. They got out a flock of petitions, and now they get their mail from their own postoffice, not a "foreign" one down the road.

WAYNE POWERS, Pool Maintenance. Quality service. Chemicals, repairs, heaters. Six years in business. Call Liberty 5-2955.

Mrs. George Trueman's new Yardage and Clothing store, at the side-rear of the Trueman jewelry store, will be open for business Saturday, but the formal opening will be a little later, when all the stocks have arrived. All types of yardage will be carried, along with ladies' blouses, skirts, dresses, lingerie, etc. Just might be you'd like to drop in Saturday.

VALLEY OF THE MOON CIGARS—Union label, handmade right here at home. Superior quality always. Most dealers have 'em.

Can't really write much of anything this week about Valentine's day (today) or Washington's birthday, which comes a day after our next issue. Seems Longfellow also was born late this month. But there's enough to write about anyway.

VALLEY OF THE MOON CLEANING PLANT, Hwy. 12, Boyes. Fast service. Free pickup. All work done on premises. WE 8-5830.

For instance, Denny Coleman! He was 39 years old Wednesday, celebrated his 9th anniversary in business at the COG club, and is rather proud of the fact that he's reducing weight, and has switched to cigars as his smoke. And he looks so much more dignified and distinguished. It's a shame more males don't follo wsuit.

MIKE & ROSE'S MARKET, Boyes. Open Wed. to Sat. 10 to 6 except on Saturday, 9 to 7. Highest quality meats. Groceries.

Tony Hydar, the Springs' favorite barber, arrived in this Valley February 16, 1948. The next day, the 17th, he opened his shop on the Boyes plaza, next to Mendel's cafe, two years later moving to his present quarters on the highway, next to Junior's resort.

Tony has been a terrific asset to the city. Eight years ago he established the custom of going to Hanna Center one day a week, and cutting hair of all the lads—for free. And don't think they haven't appreciated it. Tony's first customer was George Thompson, owner of Mission Inn. Your editor was a close second.

Tony's a native of Lebanon, has worked in Boston, St. Louis, and where not, but he's all set and very happy to be in the Springs. And the Springs is happy to have him.

BROADWAY CAFE, Sonoma. Mendel Cader, manager. Completely remodeled. Classy dining room. Congenial. Drop in.

S.F. News came out this week for Pat Brown for governor. The News can go to hell as far as we're concerned—but we're not stopping

our subscription, because it's still the best newspaper in the city by the Golden Gate. We'll have no part in turning this state over to Walter Reuther and his ilk.

PLAZA LIQUORS (next to B of A, Sonoma). Off-sale liquor, wine, beer, soft drinks. Party favors. Novelties. Exotic foods.

That pseudo spaceman Farrell has a radio inside his cage, but they're cruel to him nevertheless. He hates rock'n'roll (understandable), but they won't let him get any news broadcasts, only commercials.

Bet you've turned off some commercial, turned to another station and got the same one or something as bad. The same goes for some of the lousy music, which if you stick around long enough you'll hear seven times a day on one or more stations.

PALMS INN, Verano. The Inskeeps your hosts. Home of the Lions. Excellent food, excellent drinks. Meet Carl, Jerry, Rene!

That man Ed Reedy, who'll do your income tax for you and maybe save you some money, reports business is steadily on the "up" side and getting better. Deadline of course is April 15. You might well get Ed on the job well ahead of time, and make all your worries little ones. He's in Boyes, on the highway, across from Food Center.

BATHHOUSE RESTAURANT, on the veranda. Light merchants' lunch. Giant Hamburgers, Farmerburgers. Finest food, low cost.

And we got beautifully corrected, by an omnivorous reader. He says: Wayne Powers has Crystal Pool Service—maintenance, etc. He does not build pools. He is highly recommended by Alves Pools. Alves built our pool and did a mighty fine job. Charles Mc.

MENDEL'S CAFE, Boyes Plaza. Steaks, seafood, Spanish dishes. Cocktail bar. NOW: Pizzas, eat 'em here, or take home.

Ever notice those big beautiful packages of ready-to-eat breakfast cereals. They're high, but how wide? About as thick as a box of kitchen matches, and that's not very thick any more.

BOYES SPRINGS FOOD CENTER. Quality foods in all departments, and at lowest prices. Take-out beverages. One-stop market.

Don't know how they can do it—but a broadcaster Wednesday night showed a picture of Lincoln, said a few words about him, and before you knew it he was making a pitch for Rinso. Weird, and almost unbelievable.

FRIBERG DRUG STORE, So. Broadway, Sonoma. Prescription specialists. Time-Ex watches. Soda fountain. A super drug store.

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Had to wait in a doctor's office one day last week, and while we had noticed there were no ash trays, we did continue smoking. The office attendant finally came over and said: "We'd prefer you didn't smoke." We desisted, of course, but do you think we'd ever go to that doctor again?

PAUL'S OLD RANCHERO, Verano. Superior dinners, cocktails. Banquets a specialty. Music Saturdays—Paul and Buff.

Curious thing about furniture stores—Los Angeles and San Francisco. In L.A. every such store advertizes—full pages, double pages. We can still name you a dozen such stores after five years. But 'in San Francisco! Hardly ever a newspaper ad. We know the names of only two stores—Sterling and Redlicks. Santa Rosa does better.

LEE'S CHUCK WAGON, Sonoma highway. Prime ribs. Charcoal broiled steaks. Salad bar. Finest mixed drinks in western style.

Goofiest radio signal being heard nowadays is that used by Monitor, an NBC weekend program. It comes up between little sketches, sounds like a combination of guinea hen cries and musical sounds. Startling at first, and always a source of wonder.

JIM'S MEATS, at Boyes Springs Food Center. Highest quality meats, cut the way you like. Fresh poultry. Delicatessen dept.

Speaking of barber shops, we've been in many during our 97 years and have yet to hear or hear of such a thing as a barber shop quartet. Of course these were mostly small town shops; maybe they were different in the cities. Now they've even got a woman barber shop quartet. Don't believe it ever happened.

DENNY'S COG CLUB, Boyes. Gathering place for sportsmen—fishermen, hunters, football and baseball fans. Congenial always.

So, after having loved 'em and listened to 'em for lo these last six or seven years, we've finally got to part company with Ozzie and Harriet. It's because of Ricky, that precocious son his parents have promoted into something akin and just as obnoxious as Elvis Pelvis. The other son Dave is quite a boy, though.

R. A. "BOB" MILLER — "Yours for Life"

Insurance Exclusively. Next to Telephone Co., Sonoma

Did you hear of the boxer who just before the fight regally removed his bathrobe—and, no trunks! And only Wednesday night that German fighter got a big slit in the back of his trunks and had to make a quick change between rounds.

SONOMA GROVE, Hiway 12 south of Boyes. Finest food and drinkables, homelike atmosphere. Italian foods, too. Seafood.

That beautiful ballpoint pen we picked up a week or so ago found it's rightful owner. It belonged down at the Bathhouse restaurant. While it came from Stateline, it was a better pen than we're carrying.

BUD'S GARAGE, corner Railroad & Cherry Sts. Guaranteed finest workmanship. Chevron Service Station. Phone WE 8-3971.

Chef Cardini, in addition to building up a wonderful business at his restaurant in Glen Ellen, is also making great strides in the catering profession. He'll cater anywhere! Late engagements, a week apart, take in Fresno, Turlock, Stockton and Lodi. His specialty probably could be listed as barbecues, continental buffets, dinners, cocktail parties. The choice of menus is spectacular.

SONOMA GOLF & COUNTRY CLUB, Arnold Drive. Finest food always. Try our Clown Room. Henry Goulette, manager.

Some friend of ours up in Eldridge sent us copies of the Down-Towner, claimed to be the "biggest little paper in the city." The city apparently is Oakland. It's a four page sheet, larger than Moonbeams, filled with many interesting items, heavy on the night clubs.

SONOMA MISSION INN, Boyes. Noted for splendid cuisine, its excellent bar, luxurious accommodations. Pay us a visit—soon.

From our good friend, an ex-Michigander, now on the Los Angeles Times. "Noticed, via Moonbeams, that you hadn't seen any of the 'sacks' yet. Unfortunately, I have! Gad!"

There also was one of his stories, but honestly folks, it wouldn't work in this religious journal.

B & L LAUNDROMAT, on hiway, Fetters. Save time and money—wash, dry, iron, right here. Especially during the cold season.

The new commander of the army's missile research program is a left-handed banjo player. Well, we've tried everything else.

ADOBE DRUG (Ray S. Duer), 417 First St. W., Sonoma. WE 8-2971
Prescription Specialists Veterinary Supplies

Best thing Jack Rosenburm ever wrote! "These rainy days remind me of my favorite wet weather story. Happened a couple of years ago when a little old lady stepped out of Foster's at 7th and Market, absent-mindedly opened her umbrella—and out poured a shower of knives and forks."

BANCROFT NURSERY, Sonoma. Potted plants, corsages, flowers for weddings, funerals, hospitals. We deliver—anywhere.

WHAT SAY, MR. REUTHER? In a letter to the Christian Science Monitor, Franklin Pierce of San Rafael poses a question we think should be answered publicly by Walter Reuther. Pierce points out that the UAW president's recent profit-sharing plan for unions considers "only the returns from corporate success." He wonders if, since investors "enjoy no dividends during lean periods in a corporation's existence," are union members similarly "willing to share losses as well as profits?"

What was that you said, Walter?

BATES & EVANS, Funeral Directors. 691 Broadway, Sonoma. Sonoma Valley's Pioneer Funeral Service firm. Serving families of all faiths since 1879. WEbster 8-2686.

A grizzled British colonel, retired after years of service in India, was ill. It was diagnosed as hydropsy. "What's that?" he demanded of his doctor.

"Too much water in the body," the doc explained.

"But I've never taken a drop of water in my life," the colonel snorted. After a moment's reflection, he added, "Must have been that blarsted ice."

LAZY R & T SHOP, 412 First St. East, Sonoma. Second Hand Variety Store—used tools, gifts, furniture. Machine saw filing.

Because of ceratin allusions, this clipping must be somewhat old. Written by an Alamedan, it's titled "Ask Me—I Live There."

Situated on the "island" of Alameda—off the coast of California—across the bay from San Francisco—next door to Oakland—and 500 miles north of Louse Angeles (Thank God).

The largest city in the world without a graveyard (we bury our dead in Oakland).

We believe in community uplift but have no elevators.

Ten thousand acres of mud flats without a clam.

The best lighted city in America—plenty of sun (and moon) shine.

Lowest fire loss in the state—we are too green to burn.

We own our electric light plant and pick our own currants.

The amateur gardeners' paradise—sandy soil—easily worked—grows everything. We raise more anchovies, radio poles and hell than any other metropolis on the Pacific coast.

A city of 38,000 souls and 76,000 heels.

Fourteen miles of bathing beach with marcel waves.

The bedroom of San Francisco—the bathroom of Oakland—but no room for kickers.

Alameda was discovered by the Indians, stolen by the Spanish, settled by the Yanks, coveted by the Japs, worked by the Chinese, fought for by the Irish, owned by the Jews and run by the DeMolays.

When you come over to Alameda drop in and we will all get wet.

Our cellars are so deep we have to reach up to touch bottom.

Seventy-five per cent of the homes in Alameda are occupied by contented owners with radios, autos and mortgages.

We have the only submarine golf links west of the Mississippi.

The only successful overhead sewer system in America.

The jumping off place for the Sandwich islands.

The city without a sorrow.

MANCUSO WINES, Glen Ellen. Grower-produced. Available at every retail outlet. As good as the best, and better than most.

The nervous relatives were all gathered in the lawyer's office early, waiting for him to read Uncle Jasper's will.

The lawyer read: "Being of sound mind, I spent all my money."

RUSTIC INN, Glen Ellen. Center of town. Last of the original 11 taverns. Jack London liked the place. It's western!

So you bought a home in the country?"

"Yes, five rooms and a path."

LEE STARRETT, Masseur, at Bathhouse, Boyes. Massages, slenderizing. You'll look and feel better. Make it a habit.

We gave him 20 minutes, He finished up in 10.

Oh, there's a prince of speakers And a servant unto men.

His diction wasn't such a much; He hemmed and hawed a bit,
And still he spoke a lot of sense, And after that—he quit.

At first we sat plum paralyzed, Then cheered and cheered again;

We gave him 20 minutes, But he finished up in 10.

MISSION CHAPEL MORTUARY, Funeral Directors, Sonoma. James and Jack Bisso. Only home-owned and operated mortuary serving Sonoma Valley families. WE 8-3357.

Bachelor: A man who'd rather have a woman on his mind than on his neck.

Middle Age: That time of life when you begin to wonder if you still want to do the things you've always wanted to do.

Procrastinator: One who puts off until tomorrow the things he has already put off until today.

CHEF CARDINI'S RESTAURANT, Glen Ellen. Fastidious in its meals, drinkables. Comfortable, luxurious. We cater anywhere.

A Texas oilman visiting in Pittsburgh made a phone call and screamed his head off when the operator told him the charge was 60 cents.

"What!" he roared. "Back in Odessa, Texas, I can talk to hell and back for 60 cents!"

"Maybe so," replied the operator curtly. "But from Odessa that would be a local call."

ELECTRONIC DRIVE-IN— TV and Radio—Specializing in Auto Radio. 736 West Napa St., Sonoma. Kraft and Castori. WE 8-4839.

Think how a mother kangaroo must feel on a rainy day when the kids can't play outside.

EL DORADO HOTEL, Sonoma. John Merlo, prop. Complete menu, Italian foods a specialty. Friendly, western atmosphere.

Dairy farmer, questioning prospective hired man: "Have any bad habits—smoke, drink, eat margarine?"

GLEN ELLEN LIQUOR STORE "Slim" Wallace On Arnold Drive. Varied stock—wines, beer, whiskies, liquors.

When a man looks a girl straight in the eye, maybe she had better do something about her figure.

OUR RESORT, El Verano. Home of draft beer, and the Stein Club. Harvey and Melina will serve you. Friendly atmosphere.

RICHFIELD SERVICE, main corner, Boyes. Best equipped station in the Valley. Bud Delaney, proprietor. S & H Stamps.

A PROGRAM FOR THE SPRINGS AREA

Complete citywide paving, curbing, and sidewalks.

Roadside turnout parks (we're 20 years behind) thruout the Valley.

A name for Highway 12 suitable for our new city.

A local chamber of commerce, devoted to Springs area promotion.

A bank of our own.

Solution of the water problem by building a series of dams on Sonoma river to conserve water, prevent floods, and for recreation.

Traffic and parking control in the entire area.

A bridge across Sonoma river, connecting Craig and Thompson.

Procuring of rural delivery and carrier service, from Boyes postoffice.

More facilities, use, and suitable names for local Recreation District parks.

A suitable name for the area, preliminary to incorporation as a city.

Moonbeams is dedicated to the accomplishment of these aims. Maybe more will be added in the months to come. We can't do it ourselves, but with community cooperation they will be done!

FRANK'S HARDWARE, Castner Bldg., Boyes. Gardening equipment. Household appliances. Giftware. Paints. Tools. Glass.

FOUR CORNERS CAFE, So. Broadway. The finest pizzas, 12 varieties. Imported and domestic beer and wines. Drop in—soon.

Maybe not the largest weekly circulation in the Valley, but certainly Moonbeams is the most carefully read of any. Which makes it the best advertising medium.